WERE THE HANDSOME FAVORITES OF ELIZABETH HER LOVERS? U. S. HISTORIAN ARISES TO DEFEND "VIRGIN QUEEN'S" MORALITY

POLITICAL ENEMIES TAXED HER FALSELY WITH LOVE AFFAIRS

Frederick Chamberlain Refutes Charges That Daughter of Henry VIII Was Guilty of Having Amorous Attachments With Eight Men Frequently Mentioned in History—They Gave Their Lives to Services of the State She Ruled.

By NAZARIENE DAAN KANNIBELLE.

WERE the handsome young favorites with whom Queen Elizabeth surrounded herself her lovers?

The world at large, studying the comments of historians, has an uneasy suspicion that her relations with them were as much influenced by personal as State considerations. But a defender of the Virgin Queen has now arisen in the person of Frederick Chamberlin, an American historian, who in the course of a comprehensive study of her character refutes the charges against her.

Mr. Chamberlin has sought for documents said by historians to be evidence against the Queen's chastity, and he has found some of them do not exist. On the other hand, he has obtained hitherto unpublished documents in her favor.

Of the men who were said to be her lovers,

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.
Sir Christopher Hatton, afterward lord chancellor.
Duc d'Anjou, afterward Henry III of France.
William Cecil, Lord Burghley.
Robert, second Earl of Essex.
Simier, servant to Anjou.
Sir Walter Raleigh.
Sir Charles Blount, afterward Earl of Devonshire.

The author considers the leading three—Leicester, Hatton and Essex—were men who deserved postions in the queen's government. They all performed important service, and some of them great services to a sovereign who, while they were mere boys, saw what they were capable of doing for their country if only they had the opportunity.

That opportunity she supplied. In return they gave their entire lives to the service of the state and the nation. England has repaid them with obloquy, and, because of them, repaid Elizabeth with the vilest insinuations that can be made against a woman.

QUEEN OF SCOTS' LETTER.

Six of the known charges against the chastity of Elizabeth were made by the historian, John Lingard, who included as one of his authorities the famous scandal letter to the Queen from Mary Queen of Scots.

In two of the charges Lingard based his assertions on documents which he declared were in the library of Simancas in Spain. The first, he stated, showed that De Quadra, Spanish ambassador to the English court, informed King Philip of Spain, in the beginning of 1561, that, according to common belief, the queen lived with Dudley, and that in one of his audiences Elizabeth spoke to him respecting this report, and in proof of its improbability showed him the situation of her room and bed chamber; but soon afterwards deprived herself of this defense by removing Dudley to a room contiguous to her own chamber on the pretext that his apartment in the lower story of the palace was unwholesome.

According to Mr. Chamberlin, there is no trace of this letter or any letter resembling it in the library at Simancas, and neither Froude nor Hume nor the editors of the Spanish reproduction of the Simancas documents found therein any such letter.

Lingard proceeds that:

"Dudley, though the most favored, was not considered as her only lover. Among his rivals were numbered Hatton and Raleigh, Oxford and Blount and Simier and Anjou, and it was afterwards believed that her licentious habits survived even when the fires of wantonness had been quenched by the chill of age. The court imitated the manners of the sovereign." In support of this Lingard refers to the famous letter from Mary Stuart, which he considers too plain spoken for him to quote.

"It can be no more immodest or immoral to get forth verbatim the letter relied on to prove her (Elizabeth's) lightness than to assert her guilt on the strength of that document without printing it," comments Mr. Chamberlin. "Elizabeth has had to suffer for more than three centuries of such innuendo."

The letter from Mary to Elizabeth dated 1584 to 1586 is the recital of statements made by the Countess of Shrewsbury, in which, among others, the following occurred.

"Firstly, that one to whom she said had made a promise of marriage before a lady of your chamber had lain many times with you with all the licence and familiarity which husband and wife can use to one another. But that undoubtedly you were not as other women, and for this reason all those who desired your marriage with the Duke of Anjou, considering that it could not be consummated, were foolish, and that you would never wish to lose the liberty of making love and gratifying yourself with new lovers. • • • That you could not content yourself with Master Haton (Sir Christopher Hatton) and another of this kingdom. But that which vexed her most was that you not only compromised your honor with a foreigner named Simier, going to find him at night in the chamber of a lady • • • whom the said Countess greatly blamed in this affair, where you kissed him and indulged in divers unseemly familiarities with him.

GOOD QUEEN BESS

DOESN'T ACCEPT LETTER.

"That you had disported yourself with the same dissoluteness with the Duke, his master, who had been to find you one night at the door of your chamber where you had met him only your nightdress and dressing-gown on and that afterwards you had let him enter and that he remained with you nearly three hours. • • •"

Mr. Chamberlin, however, does not accept this as a proven letter of Mary Stuart. Even assuming that she was the author, he points out that she says "the greater part" of its charges "I did not at all believe, knowing the disposition of the Countess" (one of the worst of viragoes and according to her own testimony a liar and a slanderer) and that the letter ends thus): " I swear to you once more on my faith and honor that • • • what concerns your honor will never be known through me, holding it quite false."

Mr. Chamberlin continues: "Mary Stuart knew, if anybody knew, whether or not Elizabeth was immoral. So did her spies at Whitehall and all the other places. With proof in her hands Mary would almost surely have unseated Elizabeth. Every Catholic was for Mary. The great majority of the Protestants would not have supported the dissolute woman as their ruler. Had Mary Stuart believed in these or any other stories in the same effect she would have informed the Pope, Philip II, and the Catholic monarch of France. There is not, however, and never has been so far as anybody is able to determine, the slightest evidence that Mary ever did anything of the sort; and once again we repeat that Mary KNEW."

The final accusation of Lingard's in that the Queen had borne to Dudley a child, who took the name of Arthur Dudley and appeared in Madrid in 1586. The answer Mr. Chamberlin gives is to reproduce all the authentic information concerning the story of Arthur Dudley and to show that it is not of sufficient weight to be considered; for the young man, according to his own story admits that he was a thief from his benefactor, whom he supposed to be his own father, and that he was willing to sell his convictions, even to deny his religion before God Himself, for board and bed.

Of all charges, however, the Dyer-Hatton letter and the Hatton "love letters" are the most formidable to answer. Edward Dyer was a poet, a courtier, a close friend of Philip Sidney, while Sir Christopher Hatton, one of Elizabeth's fifty gentlemen-pensioners, was the future Lord Chancellor, selected by the Queen, it was reported, after she had seen him dance. In point of fact, the Queen had been observing Hatton in her service for twenty-three years before he was made Lord Chancellor.

MISINTERPRETED WORDS.

At the time of this letter Hatton was out of favor with Elizabeth, "and this as a result of an enemy's displacing him in her regard." So he consulted Dyer as to how to regain his prestige, and Dyer, in his reply, made use of the two following sentences, which for generations have been considered evidence of Elizabeth's guilty relations with Hatton:

"• • • though she do descend very much in her sex as a woman • • •"

"For though in the beginning when her majesty sought you she did bear with rugged dealing of yours, until she had what she fancied, yet now, after satiety and fulness, it will rather hurt than help you • • •."

Is there any innocent explanation of these words?

Mr. Chamberlin considers there is.

"INVENTIONS."

So great was the rivalry to be received by her for one minute by the thousands of men who depended on her for success that the author does not consider any word in that letter as evidence that the struggle was for the position of the queen's lover.

The construction placed upon the other second sentence is merely "an example of euphemism so dear to the hearts of the English-speaking public. The almost invariable expression among us for illicit relations is "what she wanted or what he wanted." In this letter it is said that Elisabeth bore with opposition from Hatton until "she had what she fancied." Similarly with the words, "satiety and fullness," which in Elizabeth's day did not mean sexual fatigue or disgust.

The real explanation of all the statements made against Elizabeth is contained, according to Mr. Chamberlain, in the words of the Sieur de la Mauvissiere, who first negotiated with the queen for the restoration of Calais and was connected with the English court for a quarter of a century. When he died, after having enjoyed close acquaintance with Elizabeth and all the men and women of her court, he left this message to his son:

"And if some persons have wished to tax her falsely with having amorous attachments, I shall say with truth that these are inventions forged by the malevolent, and from the cabinets of some ambassadors, to prevent those to whom it would have been most useful from making an alliance with her."

Of the medical history of the queen, Mr. Chamberlin has a great deal to say. Having gathered together all the available evidence of the queen's continuous bad health he has secured the opinions of eminent medical men upon her history.

Apart from her illnesses, small pox, chickenpox, gumboils, pyorrhoea, jaundice, and disease of the kidneys, she suffered from a sceptic condition of the mouth which resulted in her death.

Upon her leg, just above the ankle, was a sore which remained unhealed for eight years, and on her shoulder she had an "issue" which kept her from hunting. The opinion of Sir Arthur Keith is that there are no signs she inherited a complaint from her licentious father, Henry VIII.

(From the World-wide News Service Inc., Boston, Mass.)

RIVALRY WAS GREAT AMONG COURTIERS WHO SOUGHT FAVORS

Words of Sieur de la Mauvissiere Quoted to Show Accusations Were Forged by Malevolents and Some Ambassadors to Prevent Those to Whom It Would Have Been Most Useful From Making an Alliance With Her.

MOSCOW, A CITY OF BUREAUCRATS AND BUGS, SAYS CAPT. LYNCH, WHO FOUND TARTARS EVERYWHERE READY TO USE BAYONET

ALL MUST HAVE THE PASSWORD

Former English Soldier Writes Graphic Story of the "Red Tape" Even in Getting a Hotel Room in the Big City.

By CAPT. ARTHUR LYNCH, (Former Member of British Parliament.)

This is the second in a series of articles on Russian internal conditions by Captain Arthur Lynch, former member of the British Parliament, who has just returned from a two months' visit in Russia.

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LONDON, Dec. 10.—My first contact with Moscow was disconcerting, but it was only the little beginning of a whole series of mishaps which I will explain in detail, because they serve to throw a light on the dislocation of the social life of Russia.

I may have to anticipate from time to time, to render matters intelligible, so that I may say here at once what I learnt long afterwards, —that a little committee had been appointed to receive distinguished guests, amongst whom they were good enough to include myself. This was excellent, as so many projects in Russia, but it failed, as so many projects in Russia, for lack of some essential. The committee had been appointed, but no members were nominated, so that when I arrived in this great city there was no one to meet me at all.

I thought this a little awkward at the time, but I now see clearly that it was serious for, as I could not account for myself to the local functionaries, the only other resource would have been to send me to prison, pending inquiries.

On the way to Moscow, however, I had made the acquaintance of two functionaries of the Foreign Office, who were coming from Berlin to confer with the Soviet authorities. In the course of conversation, I discovered that they had lived within a stone's throw of my house in London and, as everyone is friendly in Russia, except those who are unfriendly, we had got on well during the journey. When they saw my plight, therefore, they returned and asked me to accompany them to the Foreign Office, where they would endeavour to straighten out the difficulty.

This seemed to me a light affair, but then I knew nothing of Moscow.

In the first place, although there seemed to be plenty of idle people about, it was difficult to get a porter; we found at last a few veritable Chinese, who seemed willing to work, and we engaged two of these; one young one, grinning, in an all-yellow suit; the other older and sombre, in complete black, buttoned up to the chin.

ONLY SOLDIERS ACTIVE.

The Russians stood looking round with curiosity; the only people who were active were soldiers, with medals, and functionaries who did not appear to be doing anything very definite except magnifying their office.

A young girl came up and begged bread, and when I gave it to her, she walked away with it, slowly, not eating it.

Outside the station we found a few droschkies, looking like glorified bassinettes with hoods on. Most of these had wretched-looking, small horses. Others had fine, big, black horses. A big dog, something like a mongrel St. Bernard, came bounding along, and I noticed that, though he was unkempt, he was certainly not starved. Then in a couple of droschkies we drove in state to the foreign office.

A long stretch of streets lay between the railway station and the government offices. The first sight of these was extraordinary. The great city seemed almost deserted. The shops were closed, and where windows were left unshuttered they were broken. We passed along cobbled streets, unswept and filled with variegated odors, none of them eau de cologne. Great churches of all kinds began to appear, some magnificent in their gilded splendor, while again from time to time little familiar churches, like toys, very small, painted and gilt and tricked out with gaudy ikons. The streets were deserted, except for a few furtive passers-by, and what had once been big hotels were closed and dilapidated.

The impression of contrast and incongruity which I was destined to meet with all through Russia, was already visible here. Some splendid buildings that suggested Whitehall in London were mixed with tumbledown shanties such as I have seen in a derelict village in Ireland.

Soldiers became more and more frequent as our droschkies moved on. The uniforms were certainly a little more uniform than I noticed on our entry into Russia, but there was no attempt to imitate the spick-and-span appearance of an English "Tommy" or American "Buddy." Some of the soldiers wore curious shaped caps, like teapots, with the spout in the air, made of gray felt, and had a star on the top. These soldiers, I was informed, belonged to the department of the secret police.

The further we proceeded toward the center of the town the greater were the number of soldiers we saw. This new republic is certainly a soldier-ridden concern, more so, I think, than that of any government in the world.

The soldiers were either marching or lounging about, hefty fellows, with untidy uniforms, and somewhat untintelligent looks; others were lounging about in knots in free-and-easy attitudes and with an entire absence of that stiff, poker-like attitude which is cultivated with so much pride by German and British militarists.

Gilded domes and sparkling minarets also increased in number toward the center of the town, and these redundant churches—there are nearly two thousand of them in Moscow—and the Red soldiers represented the two extremes of that of the old civilization which is passing and that of the new which is struggling amid all manner of obstacles to assert itself.

The wonderful Kremlin began to appear, while near-by the magnificent Opera House, suggesting at times the Madeleine in Paris, and in other aspects the Odeon, emphasized that continual incongruity of the struggle of the old and new.

The Kremlin is a glorification of a Tartar camp; that, in fact, is the meaning of the word. Nearly all the old Russian towns are built on that model; a square laager, within which are collected the headquarters, the offices and the shrines. Then the city as it developed is built along streets radiating from this center. That is always the model, but this famous camp of the Kremlin of Moscow has been glorified in brick and marble, and golden dome and painted cupola, blazing like jewels worked in fantastic forms.

There is in all this the suggestion of the Tartar ancestry of the race and of its institutions, and of its religion and of its morals. There is something alluring, wondrous and appealing in Moscow, if it be only by reason of the perpetual linking of the life of the Steppes picked out at times in barbaric splendor, with a civilization imported from the West, thrown into this mold and never quite assimilated.

INDUSTRY BROKEN DOWN.

Not far from the magnificent Opera House we passed the site of the old Market Place, formerly the greatest market-place in the world, but now represented by two or three poverty-stricken peddlers, an old woman selling lace, and an old man with a little stall upon which the principal objects were various colored bootlaces of inordinate length.

Here was an evident sign of how the industrial life of a city had been broken down. The Bolsheviks blame foreign governments and the various wars, external and civil, which they have had to wage, but as it had always seemed to me to be the inevitable and perhaps hoped for result of their own system of communism, I do not see the force of attributing this state of affairs to outside influence.

I had expected to find this breakdown, but I was unprepared for the extraordinary impression gradually made upon one by this paralysed and apparently almost deserted city, and the haggard look of what had once been busy marts.

Now I will relate in detail certain further experiences, not because they are very exciting in themselves, but because they exhibit better than anything I know that sort of reducio ad absurdum to which the principles of communism have brought the social life of Russia.

We arrived at length at the foreign office. Here I waited below with the droschky driver while my friends went up to interview the authorities, and to explain the mistakes that had occurred. I expected to see them return in a minute or two, with full instructions where to find me a suitable apartment.

I know that the "crisis of lodgings" was raging severely in Moscow, but it had never occurred to me that a powerful government of a great country would have any difficulty in finding a room for a guest in one of the greatest cities in the world. I was continually making surprising discoveries, however, and already I was beginning to prepare myself for that philosophic state of mind in which the most unforeseen and extraordinary events were accepted as natural events.

After waiting for an hour or so, my friends reappeared. I had spent my time in admiring the picturesqueness of the droschkis, with the half-starved horses, decked out in harness studded with beads and corals, and fitted over their withers with little triumphal arches, from some of which floated a sort of little ornamental window curtain.

"$25,000 FOR TAXI"— READ ON.

The first care of my friends was to pay off the droschky driver. The jaunt had cost us $25,000, that is to say in the old currency which prevailed before the revolution. The value in actual American money of this imposing sum was about a dollar.

On the countenance of my friends there was none of that sleek look of smiling satisfaction which announces that little difficulties have been removed. They looked like puzzled diplomatists when they asked me upstairs. I first encountered a Tartar soldier with fixed bayonet, but the password having been given by my friend Michaelski, I went up a dark staircase and at the first landing encountered two more Tartar soldiers with fixed bayonets. These Tartar soldiers with fixed bayonets are not prepossessing types, but they are ideal for the purpose of guarding a public building. They are generally powerful, hulking fellows, densely ignorant, incredibly patient, but with one idea well fixed in their heads, and that is to run their bayonet through any man who would attempt to pass without the proper word or sign.

I went into a room, where I met a short bearded-man who spoke with the accent of Chicago. He was a Russian Jew, who had gone through a hard apprenticeship in America, and I mention him in particular because he was the type of man who fills the offices in the department of foreign affairs.

Nearly all the functionaries in the foreign office are Jews, and that is a remarkable fact, for until recent years Jews were forbidden to enter Moscow at all. Personally I have no prejudice whatever against that remarkable race, for I have always found them intelligent, friendly, and obliging, but toward the understanding of Russian politics it may be said that there exists among a great section of the Moscow people a strong feeling against the Jews, and resentment against the power which they yield.

GIRL AIDE ENERGETIC.

My first friend was flanked by a young Jewish girl, dark, short in stature, with intellectual features framed in thick, black hair, artistically bobbed. Her whole style breathed energy, and she soon began to make the telephones hum in her demand to find out for me some member of the government with whom I could speak.

After considerable delay, in which I could feel the driving power of the young Jewess traversing the lines, I was told that I might speak to Mr. Krassin, the chief of the trade delegation to England, and one of the great men of the Soviet government.

The invitation from the University of Moscow to deliver a course of lectures there on psychology had been the reason for my visit to Russia, and as the invitation had been transmitted to me in London by Krassin I expected, when I got on to him, to find my difficulties vanishing. Krassin was astonished to find that I had not been properly met upon arrival nor even announced, for there had been a breakdown on that side as well.

As these events had taken some hours, it was now getting on to late in the evening. He therefore suggested that I should go with my two friends, who would put me up for the night, and that on the following day he would find me a suitable apartment.

We therefore found new droschkies and set off to a house, famous in contemporary Russian history, called the Savoy. This used to be the Savoy Hotel in fashionable Moscow of the days that already seem so remote. Now it is a kind of lodging house for journalists and guests of the state. It looks, inside and out, something between a barracks and a prison.

A ROOM IN THE SAVOY.

The door was guarded by the inevitable Tartar soldier, and when I came inside I found after long explanations and many difficulties that the only room that could be allotted to me was in one of the wings of the upper story. There were no lifts, of course, although the title "Lifts" still remained blazoned forth in golden letters, and as I trudged through long deserted corridors, in which my heels sounded mournfully on the wooden floors, I thought I had come to a strange place.

My room had once been a well-appointed bedroom at the Savoy. There was a bath, with hot and cold water—but neither hot or cold water ran. There were electric bells fixed at convenient spots—but they did not ring. Ornamental electric lights, but only one gave a flickering and uncertain illumination. There were no carpets on the floors, but there was a table, and the remains of what had once been three magnificent chairs.

I was left here to my own reflections, and I sat down, wondering into what sort of an enchanted country I had come. Then suddenly, out of this island of space, where I seemed marooned, came the note of high civilization. A telephone bell had suddenly rung. Amidst all the ruin, the telephone in this little room had remained intact, and I found myself talking with the excellent Mr. Shveta, Mr. Krassin's secretary, who told me that I would be fixed up in a suitable apartment on the following day.

I had taken an injection in Riga against cholera, of which highly colored and exaggerated reports had reached us from Moscow, and in my solitary room I found myself shivering with a slight fever. I had nothing to eat all day except a summary breakfast in the morning, but in the midst of my perplexities again my two saviours, Messrs. Michaelski and Ahrens, appeared and invited me to supper.

This meal consisted of a kind of raw ham and German sausage, tea, white bread and black bread. It was a gorgeous supper for Moscow, though the white bread tasted like edible blankets and the black bread something like a mixture of sand, molasses and sour dough. It was then near midnight, and in the circumstances I thoroughly appreciated that supper. I retired content to my room with many warnings and much advice as to the best way to deal with the most active representatives of the only live stock that flourishes in Moscow. I retired to rest and fell to sleep, dreaming of an enchanted city of bureaucrats and bugs!

(Other articles by Captain Lynch will follow.)

TAXI FARE OF $25,000 A NOVELTY

But Tariff Really Was Only $1 in American Money—No Famine as in the Rural Areas of Russia.

SUNKEN U-BOATS GAVE SECRETS TO DIVERS

Fascinating Story of How German Codes, Operations and Orders Were Obtained From Wrecks and Utilized to Defeat Submarine Offensive—Romance Outrivaled by Epic of Death-Defying Heroes Searching Ocean Depths.

A FASCINATING story of how sunken U-boats were made to yield up their secrets during the war was told at Portsmouth, England, in a lecture for charities, by Commodore Sir Frederick Young, R. N. R., the salvage engineer who was the technical head of the British naval salvage service in the war.

Each enemy submarine carried codes, operations, orders, and other material of the utmost value to the allies, which the latter got hold of by means of the most invaluable auxiliary to war intelligence service ever formed. This was composed of divers and other salvage workers selected from the admiralty salvage section—which dealt with salvage as a whole—and organized into a special branch.

Whenever an enemy submarine was sunk the salvage branch was told off to overhaul her. In very few cases was the boat raised. The divers used to go down to her as she lay, "cut their way" into her interior, and then search thoroughly.

It was extremely dangerous, difficult, and often gruesome work. It often had to be done at great depths, and the divers crawled about the sea floor in the inky darkness performing their task as best they could.

Much information that proved of the greatest value in combating the U-boat offensive was obtained. It was this submarine intelligence branch which also unearthed the secret of the German magnetic torpedo (although Sir Frederick Young did not tell his audience this), and thus let the allies into the secret of a grave new menace to their shipping.